

No 8
10¢



MAGNO



LIGHTNING

FOUR



UNKNOWN
SOLDIER



CAPT.
COURAGEOUS



FAVORITES

ALL NEW COMICS



GRIPPING
STORIES STARRING
MAGNO & DAVEY
UNKNOWN SOLDIER
CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS
LIGHTNING
AND THE LIGHTNING GIRL
and others

GET
THE WAR PRO-
DUCTION TO HELP
THE BOYS WHO
ARE FIGHTING.

THE 4 FAVORITES GIVE UNCLE SAM A HAND

BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND STAMPS

UH, UNCLE SAM!
LISTEN! I HAVE
AN IDEA. WHY
DON'T YOU CALL
ON THE FOUR FAVO-
RITES TO HELP
YOU?

GOOD IDEA!
SOUND THE
BUGLE.....

by FORSTAY

UNCLE
SAM
CALLING
THE

4 FAVORITES

FROM ALL CORNERS
OF THE WORLD
COME THE FOUR
FAVORITES TO AN-
SWER THE CALL OF
OUR UNCLE SAM.

DAVEY HELPS THE KIDS WITH
SALVAGE OF OLD PAPER,
METALS AND
RUBBER

MEN WE NEED
YOUR HELP TO
WIN THIS WAR!
HOW ABOUT
IT?

WE'LL
DO OUR
VERY
BEST!

AND THE SPEEDUP
WORK BEGINS....

AIRPLANE FACTORIES

BANG

CLANG!

TANK FACTORIES

YOU TOO
CAN HELP BY
BUYING MORE
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS

LASH LIGHTNING

DARK WAS THE NIGHT AND EERIE WERE THE SOUNDS IN THAT BURIAL PLACE OF THE DEAD, BUT LIGHTNING WAS THERE AND HE WAS VERY MUCH ALIVE! HOW THEN DID THE BODY DISAPPEAR FROM ITS COFFIN? WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF THE BOY WHO DIDN'T RETURN? WHAT GRIM SECRETS DID LIGHTNING AND ISABEL, THE LIGHTNING GIRL, DISCOVER, IN THIS THEIR MOST FANTASTIC ADVENTURE

The CORPSES THAT WOULDN'T STAY DEAD!



ON THE SMALL TOWN OF HOMBURG, A MAN IS BURIED!

DUST THOU ART
AND TO DUST
DO THOU RETURN!



MRS. CLARA DANE AND HER SON, BOBBY, LEAVE FOR THEIR HOME AFTER SEEING THEIR HUSBAND AND FATHER INTERRED!





DON'T WEEP ANY MORE, MOM--I'M THE MAN OF THE HOUSE NOW--I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU SOMEHOW!



I FEEL FAINT!

WE'D BETTER CALL THE DOCTOR!



NO SIR! DON'T YOU CALL DR. DIALE--HE ISN'T COMING INTO THIS HOUSE--HE TREATED MY FATHER AND WHAT GOOD DID HE DO HIM? POP DIED!



BUT, BOBBY, THE DOCTOR DID EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO HELP FATHER!

I DON'T CARE--POP DIED AND THAT DOCTOR ISN'T GOING TO COME INTO THIS HOUSE TO LOOK AFTER YOU!



BUT BOBBY--HE'S THE ONLY DOCTOR IN TOWN AND I DON'T FEEL WELL--I'D LIKE TO HAVE HIM LOOK AT ME!

THEN WE'LL GET ANOTHER DOCTOR--DR. DIALE TOOK CARE OF POP AND THEY SURVED HIM--THE SAME THING WILL HAPPEN IF HE CARES FOR YOU--SEEMS THAT MOST EVERYONE HE TREATS DIES!



WE'RE EXCITED AND UPSET--GO GET THE DOCTOR!

THAT'S RIGHT, HE'LL QUIET DOWN BY THE TIME HE GETS HERE!



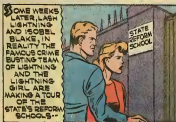
I TOLD THEM NOT TO BRING DOC DIALE HERE!



BOBBY--DON'T!

GET OUT OF MY WAY--I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE DOESN'T COME IN HERE!





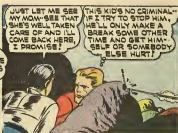






WHAT ABOUT IT?

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, LIGHTNING--I DON'T WANT TO BREAK OUT OF HERE, BUT I'M AFRAID IF DR. DIALE TAKES CARE OF MY MOTHER, SHE'LL DIE! MOST EVERYONE HE TAKES CARE OF SEEMS TO DIE!



JUST LET ME SEE MY MOM--SEE THAT SHE'S WELL TAKEN CARE OF AND I'LL COME BACK HERE, I PROMISE!

THIS KID'S NO CRIMINAL-- IF I TRY TO STOP HIM, HE'LL ONLY MAKE A BREAK SOME OTHER TIME AND GET HIMSELF OR SOMEBODY ELSE HURT!



OKAY, BOBBY, WE'LL GO VISIT YOUR HOME-- HANG ON TO MY NECK!



WOW

SO FAST THAT THE NORMAL EYE CAN'T FOLLOW, LIGHTNING BLASTS OUT OF THE GULLEY!



I FIGURED IF YOU WERE GOING PLACES, YOU'D WANT ME ALONG!

SEE! THE LIGHTNING GIRL, TOO!



WE'LL COME INTO YOUR HOUSE IN OUR CIVILIAN CLOTHES, BOBBY--WE'LL SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO YOUR MOTHER!

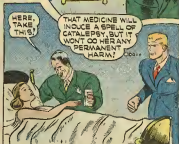


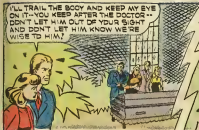
MOM? ARE YOU ALLRIGHT, MOM?

OF COURSE, SON! NOW NONE OF YOUR FOOLISHNESS WHEN THE DOC GETS HERE!



I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FRIENDS, MOM--THEY GOT ME A FURLOUGH FROM REFORM SCHOOL, THEY'RE GOING TO BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU FOR A WHILE!





I'LL TRAIL THE BODY AND KEEP MY EYE ON IT--YOU KEEP AFTER THE DOCTOR--DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT AND DON'T LET HIM KNOW WE'RE WISE TO HIM!

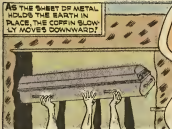


THEY ARE BURYING HER NEXT TO HER HUSBAND--SHE'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH THERE FOR THE TIME BEING!



NOW WHEN IT GETS DARK ENOUGH, I'LL GO TO WORK!

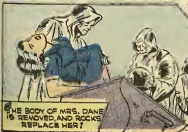
BUT WHILE LIGHTNING STANDS GUARD ABOVE, STRANGE THINGS OCCUR BELOW GROUND--A LONG SHEET OF METAL SLIDES INTO PLACE SEPARATING THE COFFIN FROM THE DIRT ATOP IT!!



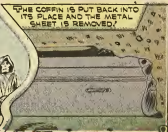
AS THE SHEET OF METAL HOLDS THE EARTH IN PLACE, THE COFFIN SLOWLY MOVES DOWNWARD!



STRANGE SHROUDED FIGURES GRASP THE COFFIN AND CARRY IT DEEP INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH---



THE BODY OF MRS. DANE IS REMOVED, AND ROCKS REPLACE HER!



THE COFFIN IS PUT BACK INTO ITS PLACE AND THE METAL SHEET IS REMOVED!

Meanwhile
above ground,
all remains
as it was--

IT'S LATE ENOUGH--
TIME FOR ME TO
GET STARTED



ROCKS!--THE
BODY IS GONE!
BUT HOW?



LET'S SEE IF MR.
DANE IS REALLY
DEAD!



ROCKS TOO! WHAT HAPPENS
HERE? HOW COULD THAT
FIRST BODY HAVE BEEN
REMOVED? IT WAS IN
THE COFFIN WHEN
IT WAS BURIED! I
SAW TO THAT!

I'D BETTER SEE ISOBEL
AND SEE IF SHE HAS
ANY CLUES BECAUSE
I'M UP AGAINST A
DEAD END
MYSELF!



FIRST BOBBY IS MISSING--COOS-
ABLY WITH THE POLICE LOOKING
FOR HIM--THEN I FAIL TO KEEP
MY PROMISE TO HIM AND WATCH
OUT FOR HIS MOTHER--NOW
SHE'S MISSING AND HEAVEN
ONLY KNOWS WHAT
HAPPENED TO HER!

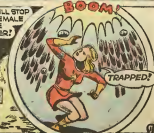


MEANWHILE, THE LIGHTNING GIRL STANDS
GUARD OUTSIDE THE DOCTOR'S HOME--



EVERYTHING IS IN
READINESS, DR.
DIABLO!

GOOD--LET
US GET
BELOW!



(SHE'S TOO TOUGH
FOR ME!)

(HAVE A BOLT!)

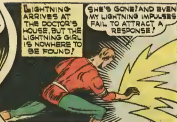
THIS WILL STOP
THAT FEMALE
FIRE
CRACKER!

TRAPPED!



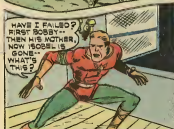
THAT'S THE END
OF LIGHTNING
GIRL!

YEAH--IF THE
CAVE-IN DIDN'T
KILL HER, SHE'LL
SUFFOCATE!



LIGHTNING
ARRIVES AT
THE DOCTOR'S
HOUSE, BUT THE
LIGHTNING GIRL
IS NOWHERE TO
BE FOUND!

SHE'S GONE! AND EVEN
MY LIGHTNING IMPULSES
FAIL TO ATTRACT A
RESPONSE!



HAVE I FAILED?
FIRST BOBBY--
THEN HIS MOTHER.
NOW ISOBEL IS
GONE--
WHAT'S
THIS?



MUDDY FOOTPRINTS
THERE'S BEEN NO
RAIN! AH, THEY
START OVER
THERE!



A TRAP DOOR LEAD-
ING UNDERGROUND!
THINGS ARE
GETTING CLEARER!



--AND MIGHTY
INTERESTING!



THE SECRET OF DR. DIABLO--

WHAT FANTASTIC
THING IS THIS!

FASTER!

YES! ONLY
STOP BEATING
ME, PLEASE!



DRIVE THOSE SLAVES DOWN
HERE WITH US--KEEP THEM
CLOSE!

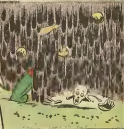


NOW LET LIGHTNING USE HIS BOLT!
IF IT LANDS IN THIS MUD WE'LL KILL
THE SLAVES ALONG WITH US! THE
MUD CONDUCTS ELECTRICITY!



I SAID WE WERE
EXPECTING YOU,
LIGHTNING--HOW DO
YOU LIKE THAT
WELCOME?

BOOM



NOW BACK TO WORK, YOU PIGS!
THAT FINISHES LIGHTNING--
THE DRY EARTH IN WHICH
HE IS BURIED INSULATES
HIM, RENDERING HIS
LIGHTNING HARM-
LESS!



OUT OF MY WAY!
I'VE GOT A JOB
TO DO!



STOP HIM,
YOU FOOLS!

IF IT'S WATER
LIGHTNING NEEDS,
I'LL GIVE IT TO
HIM!

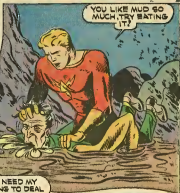


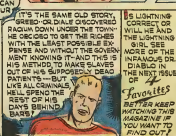


WATER RUNS ALONG THE SURFACE OF LIGHTNING'S TOMB--HAS BOBBY'S BRAVE ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIS FRIEND SUCCEEDED, OR WAS IT DOOMED TO FAILURE?



SUCCESS? THE WATER SEEPS DOWN TO LIGHTNING, REMOVING THE INSULATION OF THE DRY EARTH!





MAGNO AND DAVEY



FROM THE BLACKEST MAW OF THE EVIL EARTH COMES THE CLOWN, MASTER OF THE ROTO-DYNAMO, MOST POWERFUL ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION EVER TO BE USED AGAINST MANKIND. CAN MAGNO AND DAVEY STOP THIS FIEND, OR WILL THEY TOO FALL VICTIM ALONG WITH THE REST OF AMERICA?

The CLOWN, SABOTAGE
EXPERT EXTRA-ORDINARY--



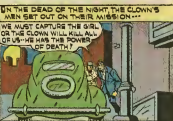
THE TIME FOR ACTION HAS COME---WE MUST STRIKE AT THE AIR-PLANE FACTORIES, DESTROY THEM ALL, BUT FIRST I MUST GET THEIR PLANE!

YA, YA, MASTER?



THOSE PLANS WILL BE IN THE HANDS OF SENATOR STERLING AND HE WOULD DIE RATHER THAN GIVE THEM UP!-- BUT THE CLOWN KNOWS SOMETHING TO WHICH EVEN DEATH IS PREFERABLE!





JUST THEN, JANE STERLING AND HER FIANCE, TOM WEATHERLY, RETURN FROM AN EVENING AT THE THEATRE---



OKAY, BOYS, LET'S GET 'EM! PUT ONE IN EACH CAR!



LISTEN, MAGNO, A CRY FOR HELP!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



THERE THEY GO! YOU GET THE FIRST CAR, I'LL STAY RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

RIGHT YOU ARE, MAGNO!



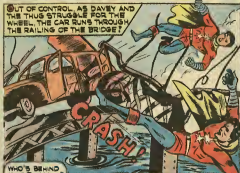
TWO-POINT LANDING, MAGNO!

GRAB THE WHEEL AND BRING THEM TO A HALT! WE'LL FINISH THEM TOGETHER!



SNOOPERS ON TOP OF US, EH? WE'LL GIVE THEM A LITTLE SURPRISE!





MEANWHILE, JANE IS TAKEN TO THE CLOWN'S MAUSOLEUM HIDEOUT---

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A ONE-NIGHT STAND!

WON'T I? WITH YOU IN MY GRASP, I'LL BE ABLE TO DESTROY ALL THE AMERICAN DEFENSES!-- EVERYTHING!

THE HONEST SENATOR STERLING! HIS SAFE IS IMPREGNABLE AND NO ONE KNOWS ITS COMBINATION! BUT HE KNOWS IT, AND HE SHALL OPEN IT!

THERE IT IS! MY MASTERPIECE ALL SET TO GO--ALL I NEED IS THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE PLANTS AND SOON I SHALL HAVE THEM!

THE LETTER SAYS YOU WILL EITHER DELIVER THE PLANS OR YOUR DAUGHTER WILL RETURN IN A COFFIN!
SIGNED!
THE CLOWN

WHAT SHALL I DO, IT'S EITHER THE LIFE OF MY DAUGHTER OR THE SAFETY OF MY COUNTRY! HOW CAN I CHOOSE?

I WILL BE DISHONORED AND DISGRACED! I WILL BE SHOT AS A TRAITOR--OH, BUT JANE IS TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

YES, IT'S A TERRIBLE DECISION TO MAKE, SENATOR, BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL DO THE RIGHT THING!

GOOD NIGHT, SHERLEY, THANKS FOR YOUR KINDNESS AND UNDERSTANDING!

OUTSIDE, MAGNO AND DAVEY MAINTAIN A CONSTANT VIGIL--

WE'LL FIND IT! WE HAD BETTER CONTACT THE SENATOR TO COLLECT THE RANSOM!

IF WE COULD ONLY GET A CLUE WHERE THE CLOWN IS NOW!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE CLOWN SUDDENLY APPEARS AT THE SENATOR'S OFFICE--

HERE I AM, SENATOR, I'M SAVING YOU THE TROUBLE OF DELIVERING THE RANSOM! HOW DID YOU GET HERE? IS MY DAUGHTER SAFE?



JUST AS SAFE AS YOU'LL ALLOW HER TO BE!



THANK YOU, SENATOR, NOW I HAVE A LITTLE WORK TO DO! HEIL HITLER!

NOT YET MY MYSTERIOUS FRIEND!



GET HIM! DOUBLE-CROSS ME, HUH? YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS WITH YOUR DAUGHTER'S LIFE!



THE CLOWN? NOW!

A SHOT FROM THE SENATOR'S WINDOW!

IT'S THE CLOWN!



WHAT HAPPENED?

IT HAPPENED SO FAST-POOR SEELEY, THAT FIEND HAS THE TOUCH OF DEATH!



THIS WAY, DAVEY, HE CAN'T BE FAR FROM HERE!

HE'LL NEVER LEAVE THIS BUILDING!



WHERE DID HE GO?

HE WENT OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW!

NO SIGN OF HIM! DISAPPEARED!



LET THEM SEARCH THE
FOUR CORNERS OF
THE EARTH, THEY'LL
NEVER FIND ME!
NOW, TO WORK!
ONCE I'M IN THE
MACHINE,
AMERICA WILL
FALL BEFORE
ME!

UNTIE HER AND PUT HER
INSIDE THE ROTO-DYNAMO!
I'LL SHOW HER THE
SEVEN HORRORS
OF THE WORLD!

SUDDENLY--

BOB? WHAT'S
THAT COMING
FROM UNDER
GROUND?

SMASHING HIS WAY FROM
THE UNDERGROUND INTO
THE HEART OF THE CITY,
THE CLOWN DRIVES HIS
ROTO-DYNAMO!

CRASH

BOOM

IN A SHORT WHILE, THIS FANTASTIC
INVENTION OF A MAD GENIUS
WREAKS HAVOC IN THE CITY, KILLING
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE, DESTROY-
ING MILES OF PROPERTY!----CAN
NOTHING STOP IT AS IT CUTS ITS
WAY ACROSS AMERICA?

CALLING ALL CARS!
CALLING ALL CARS!
THE CLOWN'S HEADING
FOR THE HIDDEN AIR-
PLANE FACTORIES ON
THE NORTH SIDE! STOP
IT AT ALL COSTS!



CRUSHING ALL RESISTANCE,
THE MACHINE PUSHES ITS
WAY ALONG THE WATERFRONT
DESTROYING DOCKS AND
WAREHOUSES--!



HA-HA! ARE YOU ENJOYING
THE PRETTY SIGHT, MISS
JANE? THIS IS YOUR
COUNTRY GOING DOWN
IN RUINS!



AT THIS MOMENT--

I'M SORRY, SENATOR,
STERLING--I REALIZE
THE CIRCUMSTANCE UNDER
WHICH YOU ACTED, BUT
I MUST ORDER YOUR
ARREST!

I'M WILLING
TO TAKE MY
PUNISHMENT,
CAPTAIN!



I'M AFRAID YOU WILL BE SHOT AS
A TRAITOR IF ANY OF OUR SECRET
MILITARY INSTALLATIONS ARE
DESTROYED! THIS IS TOTAL
WAR, SENATOR--I PRAY FOR YOUR
SAKE THAT THE CLOWN IS STOPPED,
FOR ONLY THEN WILL YOU BE
SAVED!



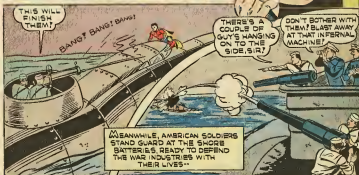
THE CLOWN SWERVES HIS MACHINE TO
ATTACK THE AIRPLANE FACTORIES ON
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER---



HE'S HEADED
THIS WAY!
LET'S GO!

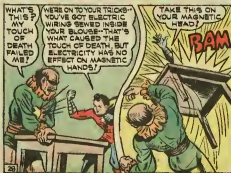
LET'S GO
TO WORK,
DAVEY!

AIDED BY THEIR POWERS
OF MAGNETISM, THEY
DRAW THEMSELVES TO
THE STEEL MONSTER!











Pay-Dirt

By Ralph

Gamble

Powers

A STRANGE uneasiness settled over young Jess Cattle, the instant he left Big Bend with the gold. Still, five thousand dollars in his saddle bags was enough to give him the jitters.

"I'll expect you back tomorrow night," his dad, Sheriff Bill Cattle, had said. "Tell Ben to scrape some of the wool off his back and ride in to town. And don't go to playing games with my old pal, Black Murtree. They say he headed north after holding up the Elk Tooth bank."

Now it was late afternoon with the sunlight slanting through the pines, throwing a strange shadow of needled network ahead of him. It was cool. The rain that morning had left the sweet smell of damp moss and needles strong in the air.

But all that was passed unnoticed by young Jess. The feeling of uneasiness had deepened. He felt his bone-handled gun heavy on his hip, swung low and tied down as his father had taught him. The knowledge that he was fast and sure with it didn't bring him courage as it had done in the past. Maybe he was yellow. Maybe he wasn't made of the same stuff his hard-bitten gun-slugging dad was.

Jess swore under his breath, and tried to think of Ben Kerby. He remembered seeing Ben when he'd been just a button. He'd ridden up here once with his dad when he'd been barely big enough to stick on a bronc's back.

The trail was dropping now into Kerby Canyon. He could see Ben's cabin nestled in a grove of aspens, a thin curl of smoke twisting into the still air. The sheep were grazing beyond, scattered through the pines.

Dusk had settled down like a blanket. The air had turned cold. Better get a move on, he decided, and touched the flanks of his roan with the sharp rowels of his Mexican spurs. His mount broke into a canter.

The trail flattened out into the canyon floor. He rode up to the cabin and dismounted. Trail-riding the roan, he knocked on the door. Funny Ben wasn't anywhere in sight. Maybe he hadn't heard him ride up. Then a striding inside, the sound of a man's booted heels.

"That you, Jess?" a voice called.

"Yeah," young Cattle answered.

A light spring up inside. The door opened, and a man stood affronted against the red glow of a kerosene lamp. He was tall and square, his face covered by a black beard. Two guns hung low on his thighs. They were almost lost against the blackness of his pants.

"Put your bronc up, Jess, and come on in. I'm cooking up a mess of cackleberries."

Jess turned and led his roan into the log barn that squatted back of the cabin. He fed his bronc, and jerked off the saddle. Seemed like Ben was smaller with a lot of gray in his beard. Jess picked up the saddle bags, heavy with the gold. The coins clinked musically as he lifted them. Suppose the hombre inside wasn't Ben?

He looked around. Another horse stood in the stall next to his roan, a big, long-legged black. Flecks of lather showed gray against the glossy skin. He must have been ridden long and hard.

FEAR gnawed deeper. Ben wouldn't ride a bronc that way. He had no need to. Jess drew his gun, saw that the trigger action was right, that the cylinder was stuffed with fresh loads. He looked around for a place to hide the gold. He wished he'd dropped it along the trail. Then he saw a box of oats in the corner. He lifted the lid, scooped a hole in the grain and buried the saddle bags.

He went into the house. The bearded gent looked up from the stove.

"Have a good ride in, Jess?" he asked.

"Pretty long," young Cattle said, and watched the man turn the eggs.

Funny Ben would have eggs if he remembered right. Ben didn't eat anything but mutton and the vegetables he raised in his garden. He stared at the man's broad back, and shoved his gun a little farther front.

"Yeah, it is a long ride." The man took the eggs out of the pan, put them in a plate and set them on the table. "Too damned far. Washed I lived closer to town." He poured coffee into two battered tin cups.

Now Jess knew this wasn't Ben Kerby. Ben was always glad he'd live a long way from town.

"Sit down, youngster," the bearded gent shoved up a rawhide bottom chair, and pulled one up for himself. "Reckon you're plumb hungry."

Jess sat down. He was hungry, but the food stuck in his throat. He watched the man eat. Once he caught the eyes—hard, black eyes that looked as if they'd explode over the sights of a Colt.

"Funny thing," the man was saying, "you look a hell of a lot like your dad when we used to ride herd in Texas."

"I don't think that's funny," Jess said, and stuffed a forkful of bacon into his mouth.

"Funny 'bout us, I mean. Used to be three of us, you know." He gulped his coffee, and wiped his mouth off on the back of a hairy hand.

"Yep, used to be three of us thicker'n molasses

in January. Now look at us. Me, I'm herding sheep, Jack's Black Murtree, and your dad—well, he's a lawman."

The man spat the last word out as if it tasted bad, hate suddenly burning in his black eyes. They narrowed to pin points, fury-laden. Cold fear chilled Jess' heart as the truth exploded in his brain. The man across the table was Black Murtree the killer.

Jess tried to swallow another mouthful of bacon. He mustn't show fear. Murtree mustn't know he suspected this wasn't the real Ben Kerby.

"Bring the money?" Murtree asked. He looked across the table again.

"No—" Jess kept his voice firm. "Dad couldn't raise it now. He thought maybe you'd wait until fall. We got a nice bunch of steers to go off then."

Murtree set down his tin cup.

"You're lying, Jess," he snarled. "Reckon maybe you hid that dinero and figure on coming back for it."

A DOZEN plans raced through Jess' head. He knew he was no match for Murtree in a straight out draw. If he could get the killer's attention for a second, give him a chance to go for his own gun. He thought of heaving the table into Murtree's lap, of trying to douse the kerosene lamp that flickered in the center of the table.

But none of his ideas would work. Meanwhile, he had to keep Murtree thinking he didn't know.

"You got me wrong, Ben," he said. I wouldn't double-cross you."

The feeling of uneasiness that had haunted him all day was gone. He was staring death square in the face now, but it wasn't as if he were still facing the unknown. He wondered how his dad would meet this situation.

Suddenly the killer drew his six-gun and laid it on the table beside his plate. He looked at it, meaningly.

"You're gonna give me that dinero, young feller, or I'll blast your hide just plumb full of holes."

"Kinda on the prod, ain't you, Ben?" Jess asked softly.

"Maybe so, but I want that gold."

Jess brought his legs back against his chair. He felt the rowels of his spurs dig into the floor. An idea burned through his brain. Better go down trying. It would be only a matter of seconds now until Murtree would show his hand.

"You're right, Ben," he said, scooting down in his chair. "I got the money. I was just kinda stringing you along."

He tensed himself. This was the moment. One leg shot out with the speed of a springing cougar. He twisted his foot and brought the sharp rowels slashing across the killer's leg. Murtree howled in pain, his hand flying down, his chair crashing to the floor.

Jess had kicked back his own chair, and was on his feet, his Colt in his hand. He saw Murtree grab for his gun, but his own .45 was spitting jagged flame and leaden death. The outlaw took the first bullet in the shoulder. Jess felt a slug burn along his ribs. Acrid smoke bit into his nostrils. The cabin rocked with the crashes of gunfire.

Murtree was on the floor, rolling. Jess fired again, saw his bullet had missed, but the outlaw was moving too fast for accurate shooting. Jess heard the snarl of another slug pass his ear, distinctly heard it thud into a log above his head. Then he slammed another shot. Murtree gurgled. Blood poured down his shirt in a pumping, crimson stream. His Colt dropped from nerveless fingers. He tried to speak, but no words came—only another liquid gurgle. Then he lay still. Jess' last bullet had cut through his throat.

Young Cattle sat down, trembling. Then he got up and bathed his wound. He heard the drum of a horse's hoofs. Somebody was coming. He whirled, his Colt covering the door. It was swung open. A gray-bearded man stood there, astonishment written across his face as he saw the stiffening form of Black Murtree on the floor.

"Ben," Jess shouted, "I'm sure glad to see you."

"Well, I'll be—" the sheepman stopped. "It's Black Murtree. What the hell's been going on?"

"He was posing as you, Ben, and I hadn't seen you for so long. I wasn't sure at first. Then I found out, and we had a little ruckus. How'd he know I was coming with the money?"

The sheepman scratched his head.

"I s'pose he found the note I left for you in case you got in 'fore I did. I said not to worry 'bout the money, and I'd be back from Injun Port 'fore night, but I didn't make it soon as I figured. He knew I lived here, masta figured on me giving him a hideout, the murdering snake."

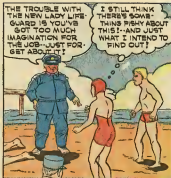
Jess sat down weakly.

"Your money's in the barn, Ben, I was sure thinking, awhile back, you'd never see it again."



A TYPICAL CONEY ISLAND BEACH...









GENERAL HAKURA, LEADER OF THE JAPANESE FIFTH COLUMN IN AMERICA--

SO NICE OF THE POLICE TO DO A JOB FOR US THAT WE WOULD HAVE HAD TO DO OURSELVES!



WE DIDN'T EXPECT THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER HERE-- NOW WE HAVE ANOTHER ELEMENT TO DEAL WITH!



THE HUMAN SKELETON IS IN A POSITION WHERE HE MAY TALK AND REVEAL OUR PLAN! HE MUST BE SILENCED! IF WORD WERE TO LEAK OUT NOW OF WHAT WE DO, ALL OUR WORK WOULD BE RUINED!

OUR ARTILLERY IS ALMOST READY--WHEN WORD COMES THAT THE NAZI SUBMARINE INVASION FLEET IS OFF SANDY HOOK, WE GO INTO ACTION!



THIS GUN IN THE CENTER OF CONEY ISLAND WILL BE ABLE TO PUT OUT OF ACTION FLOYD BENNETT AIRPORT, FORT HAMILTON, FORT WADSWORTH, THE BEACH COAST GUARD, AND THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, THUS ALLOWING OUR ALLIES ACCESS TO NEW YORK HARBOR!



YOU WILL FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING INTO JAIL AND KILL THE HUMAN SKELETON--I WILL SEE TO IT THAT THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IS LURED AWAY!



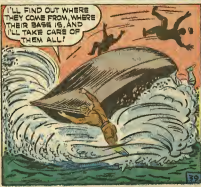
THERE'S ONE SURE WAY OF GETTING INTO PRISON--PLAY LIKE I'M A LOST KID!



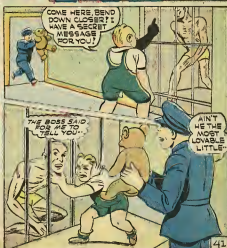
SHARP ENOUGH? SOON IT SHALL FEEL PLEAS!

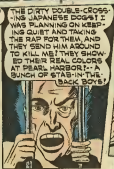


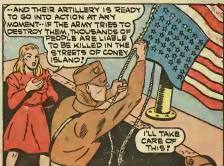














FOR THAT I'LL
CALL OUT A
WHIRLWIND!

YIPPEE
RETREAT!
SURRENDER!



THERE IS ENOUGH
TRASH IN CONEY
ISLAND WITH-
OUT THIS
JUNK!



SO I'LL JUST DROP
IT INTO THE SEA
AND LET IT SINK--
NOW FOR THAT NAZI
SUBMARINE FLEET!



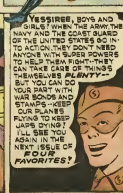
WHAT'S THAT? AH,
NAVY PLANES FROM
FLOYD BENNETT
AIRPORT!



AND FROM
MANHATTAN BEACH,
COAST GUARD STATION
BLUE JACKETS ARE
GOING INTO ACTION,
AND OUT TOWARDS
SANDY HOOK!

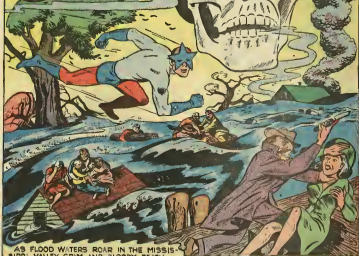


AND THE COAST ARTILLERY
AT FORT HAMILTON IS
OPENING FIRE--THEY
DON'T NEED MY
HELP ANY
MORE!



YESSIRREE, BOYS AND
GIRLS! WHEN THE ARMY, THE
NAVY AND THE COAST GUARD
OF THE UNITED STATES GO IN
TO ACTION, THEY DON'T NEED
ANYONE WITH SUPER POWERS
TO HELP THEM FIGHT--THEY
CAN TAKE CARE OF THINGS
THEMSELVES **PLENTY**--
BUT YOU CAN DO
YOUR PART WITH
WAR BONDS AND
STAMPS--KEEP
OUR PLANES
FLYING TO KEEP
JAPS DYING!
I'LL SEE YOU
AGAIN IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF
FOUR
FAVORITES!

CAPT. COU RAGEOUS



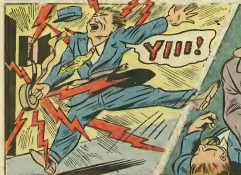
AS FLOOD WATERS ROAR IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, GRIM AND BLOODY DEATH RUNS RAMPANT WITH THEM! HOW DID THE AXIS HARNESS AMERICA'S GREATEST NATURAL CALAMITY AND MAKE IT COMMIT SABOTAGE?—AND HOW COULD CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS DESTROY THEIR PLANS, WHEN THE DEATH OF INNOCENT CHILDREN WOULD BE HIS CHIEF REWARD?

ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS AND BETH'LL BE HERE WITH MY DINNER!



IN A SMALL SOUTHERN TOWN, A NIGHT WATCHMAN MAKES HIS ROUNDS.





WHAT'S THIS IN MY HAND? SHORT HAIRS THE KIND THAT USED TO CLING TO HIS CLOTHES WHEN HE HAD A HARCUT!



BUT JOHN'S BEEN KILLED AND HERE I AM WORRYING ABOUT A SILLY THING LIKE HAIRS ON MY HAND. OH, POOR JOHN, NOTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENED BEFORE, DOC!



THE NEXT DAY, BAGS COME OUT OF THE PLANT, SOME FOR SUGAR FOR THE WHOLE NATION, THE OTHERS TO BE FILLED WITH SAND TO REINFORCE THE LEVEES ABOVE THE MISSISSIPPI IN CASE OF FLOOD.



SUGAR
THE BAGS ARE FILLED WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE PRODUCTS



AND ARE TAKEN TO THE DEPOT TO AWAIT SHIPMENT TO THE POINTS WHERE THEY ARE NEEDED.



DAYS LATER THE SPRING RAINS FALL WITH THEIR USUAL FURY. RAIN WIND AND LIGHTNING WHIP THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE WATER'S RISING HIGHER! BETTER START PILING IN THE SANDBAGS TO PREVENT THE TOWN FROM GETTING FLOODED!



FRANTICALLY THE TOWN'S PEOPLE WORK, THROWING SANDBAGS INTO THE WAY OF THE RISING RIVER TRYING TO PREVENT THE TRAGEDY OF THE MIDWEST FLOOD.

BUT SOMEHOW THE SAND-BAGS SEEM INSUFFICIENT. THE ROARING TORRENT SWEEPS PAST THE LEVEL AND INTO THE FARMS AND TOWN.



THE ARSENAL AND MUNITIONS MANUFACTURING PLANT WORKING ON GOVERNMENT WAR CONTRACTS, ARE ISOLATED AND ALL VITAL WORK COMES TO A HALT.

WOULDN'T DO MUCH GOOD EVEN IF THE BOYS COULD GET HERE. THE WHOLE BOTTOM FLOOR AND BASEMENT ARE FLOODED!



THROUGH THE AIR, TO THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY, FLASHES AMERICA'S HERO, CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS!



HOMES AND BARNs, PEOPLE AND LIVESTOCK ARE SWEEPED BEFORE THE RISING RIVER, WHERE BEFORE WAS A PEACEFUL AND PROSPEROUS VALLEY, NOW THERE IS DESOLATION AND DEATH!

THIS IS THE WORST TRAGEDY IN YEARS! RUSH ALL AID POSSIBLE IMMEDIATELY! FOOD, MEDICINE AND RED CROSS SUPPLIES ARE URGENTLY NEEDED! ALL AVAILABLE MANPOWER MUST BE RUSHED HERE WITHOUT DELAY. THE FLOOD MUST BE STOPPED!



IN A DISTANT CITY A TALL, HANDSOME, WELL-KNIT YOUNG MAN, HEARS THE BROADCAST OF THE TRAGEDY.

MAYBE I CAN PITCH IN AND LEND A HAND OUT THERE, BUT I'M SURE I'D GET THERE MUCH SOONER AS CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS.

COUNTLESS LIVES HAVE BEEN LOST!



IT'S CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS! HE'S COME TO HELP US!

OH, THANK GOODNESS, NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO STOP THE FLOOD!



A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, WORKING AT A LONELY VIGIL IS BETH BLAINE, BEREAVED WIDOW OF THE MYSTERIOUSLY SLAIN JOHN BLAINE!

HOW'S SHE ALL-A COME, MISS BLAINE?

HELLO, PASQUALE. JUST GET HERE? THE HAIR FROM YOUR BARBER SHOP IS STILL ON YOUR CLOTHES!

HAIR! THAT'S WHAT WAS AROUND JOHN'S BODY! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN THERE! YOU MUST HAVE KILLED HIM!



THAT'S-A RIGHT, MISS BLAINE! I KILL-A HIM! NOW I KILL-A YOU, TOO!



TAKE THIS--- OH!



YOU KNOW-A TOO MUCH! NOW I SUT-A YOUR THROAT!



NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!



THAT'S-A ALL RIGHT. WHO DOES?



NOW FOR-A, THE AXIS AND MUSSOLINI, I KILL-A YOU-HEY!



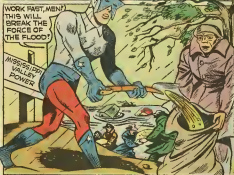
OH! HELP!

HA! HA! THAT SAVE-A ME THE TROUBLE OF WASHING MY RAZOR!

HELP! I CAN'T SWIM!

SAND











CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS CATCHES THE STICK AND WHIRLS IT RIGHT BACK.



THAT FINISHES THE BARBER AND HIS ATTEMPT TO SABOTAGE THE ARSENAL. NOW TO SEE IF I CAN STILL SAVE THOSE SCOUTS.

CRASH



IT'S CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS!

THANK GOOODNESS YOU'RE STILL O.K.!



HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET THAT MESSAGE THROUGH?

IT WAS SIMPLE. THE BARBER THOUGHT HE TRICKED US BY TELLING US THIS WAS A SHORTWAVE RADIO. BUT WE FOOLED HIM!

WE SIMPLY PLUGGED HIS GADGET INTO THE ELECTRICITY AND SHORTCIRCUITED IT. THEN WE USED IT AS A TELEGRAPH AND SENT OUR MESSAGE MORSE CODE WHICH EVERY BOYSCOUT KNOWS. WE KNEW A SHORT CIRCUIT WOULD BE PICKED UP BY THE ELECTRIC CO.

HOW COME THEY WEREN'T DROWNED?

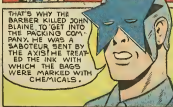
THE FLOOD ROSE JUST SO HIGH, AND THEN THE SAND BAGS STOPPED IT FROM RISING.

POWER HOUSE

BUT WHY DID THESE SANDBAGS WORK WHEN THE OTHERS DIDN'T?



BECAUSE THE OTHER SANDBAGS WERE NOT FILLED WITH SAND. THEY WERE FILLED WITH SUGAR WHICH DISSOLVED IN THE WATER! WHEN I DIVED IN THE WATER AFTER THE BARBER I REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



THAT'S WHY THE BARBER KILLED JOHN BLAINE TO GET INTO THE PACKING COMPANY. HE WAS A SABOTEUR SENT BY THE AXIS! HE TREATED THE INK WITH WHICH THE BAGS WERE MARKED WITH CHEMICALS.

THEN HE HAD THE BAGS PRINTED WITH AN INVISIBLE INK. AFTER THEY WERE FILLED AND LOADED AT THE DEPOT, THE ORIGINAL LETTERING CAME OFF AND THE WORD SAND APPEARED INSTEAD OF SUGAR! HE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE NATURAL FORCE IN AMERICA—FLOODS!

MORE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

4

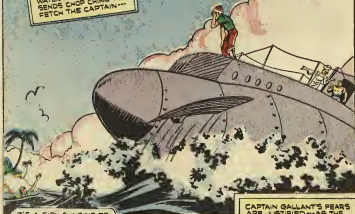
FAVORITES.



CAPTAIN GALLANT

AND
HIS MINI-SUB

CAPTAIN GALLANT'S MINI-SUB IS ANCHORED OFF THE COAST OF PAPETE. WHEN PEG-LEG PARSONS SPIES AN OBJECT IN THE WATER AND HURRIEDLY SENDS CHOP CHING TO FETCH THE CAPTAIN---



CAPTAIN GALLANT'S FEARS ARE JUSTIFIED---AS THE SHARK SWIFTLY NEARS THE HELPLESS GIRL!

IT'S A GIRL CLINGING TO A PIECE OF DRIFT WOOD! AND WE'D BETTER GET TO HER FAST--FULL STEAM AHEAD!



SEEING HIMSELF UNABLE TO REACH THE GIRL BEFORE THE SHARK, CAPTAIN GALLANT DRAWS A HASTY BEAD ON THE KILLER WITH HIS WHALE-GUN AND FIRES---

-- GALLANT'S HARPOON MORTALLY WOUNDS THE SHARK--

SURE WAS A QUICK SHOT!

HAND HAVE TO BE QUICKER THAN SHARK'S EVIL INTENTIONS!



THAT SURE WAS A CLOSE CALL FOR YE, MISS!

LUCKY OUR CAPTAIN KNOW HOW TO SHAVE SHARK'S WHISKER!

TAKE ME TO HIM, PLEASE!



THEY TAKE HER BE-- LOW DECKS TO GALLANT'S CABIN---

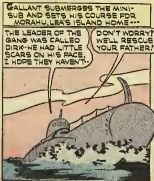
MY FATHER IS DOCTOR NORTON-- MY NAME IS LEA-- HE IS A RETIRED SURGEON AND WE LIVE IN A LONELY ISLAND OF PAPER-- LAST NIGHT, A GANG OF FOREIGNERS ABDUCTED MY FATHER AND THREW ME INTO THE SEA TO DROWN!



GALLANT SUBMERGES THE MINI-SUB AND SETS HIS COURSE FOR MORAHU, LEA'S ISLAND HOME---

THE LEADER OF THE GANG WAS CALLED DIRK-- HE HAD LITTLE SCARS ON HIS FACE, I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T--

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL RESCUE YOUR FATHER!

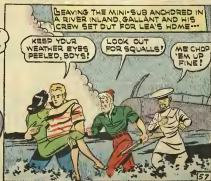


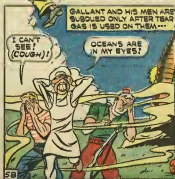
LEAVING THE MINI-SUB ANCHORED IN A RIVER INLAND, GALLANT AND HIS CREW SET OUT FOR LEA'S HOME---

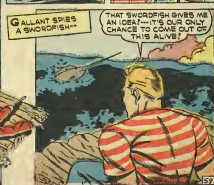
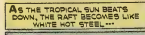
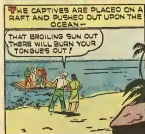
KEEP YOUR WEATHER EYES PEELED, BOYS!

LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS!

ME CHOP 'EM UP FINE!







GALLANT
DELIBERATELY
DROPS HIS
LEG INTO
THE WATER
AS A LURE
FOR THE
SWORDFISH--

HERE HE
COMES!

THE SWORDFISH MISSES AND
CLEAVES INTO THE RAFT----

WOW! THAT
WAS CLOSE!

ONCE MY HANDS ARE
FREE, I'LL BE ABLE TO
FREE THE OTHERS!

--AFTER FREEING
THE OTHERS--

THAT WAS AN
AMAZING FEAT!

SORRY, OLD BOY, I
NEED THIS MORE
THAN YOU DO!

WONDERFUL!

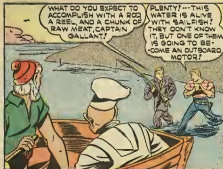
THIS SWORDFISH
BECOME
CARPENTER'S
TOOL!

MAN AND BOY, I'VE
SAILED THE SEA
FOR NIGH UNTO
FORTY YEARS--

--BUT THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME I'M ROWIN' A SHIP
TO PORT WITH OARS TORN
OUTTA THE SHIP ITSELF!

YOU NEVER KNOW
WHAT YOU MAY HAVE
TO DO WHEN YOU
FOLLOW THE SEA
LANES, STROKE,
BOYS, STROKE!





WHEN THE ROWBOAT REACHES THE SPOT BEYOND THE BREAK-WATER GALLANT HAD SELECTED...



IN A TWINKLING, THE BAIT HAD BEEN SEIZED BY A SAILFISH!



THE HUGE FISH PULLS THE ROWBOAT THRU THE WATER AT EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED!



GALLANT PLAYS THE LINE SKILLFULLY SO THAT THE SAILFISH PULLS HIM IN THE DIRECTION HE DESIRES...



--GALLANT RELEASES THE SAILFISH JUST AS IT TOWS THEM NEAR THE MINI-SUB--



ON THE DECK OF THE MINI-SUB, DIRK'S CUT-THROATS ARE UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE ABOUT TO BE BOARDED--



BEFORE THEY BECOME AWARE AND CAN WARN DIRK, THEY ARE KNOCKED OVERBOARD--



JUST THEN, DIRK CENTERS THE BRITISH FREIGHTER AND FIRES!



AT THE SAME MOMENT, CHING HAS SEEN WHAT HAS HAPPENED AND WARNED GALLANT WHO IMMEDIATELY THROWS THE HELM HARD OVER--



THE TORPEDO MISSES THE FREIGHTER BY INCHES!



THE BRITISH CAPTAIN HAS SEEN HIS DEADLY PERIL--

THE ONLY THING THAT SAVED US FROM BEING BLOWN TO BITS WAS THOSE MEN FIGHTING FOR US ON THAT MINI-SUB OUT THERE--IT'S UP TO THEM! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SEND HELP TO THEM IN TIME!

--ON THE MINI-SUB, DIRK KNOWS THAT GALLANT HAS FOILED HIM AND RUSHES UP TO FINISH HIM--

IT'S GALLANT! I'LL FILL HIM AND HIS MEN FULL OF HOLES AND THEN TOSS 'EM TO THE SHARKS!

--AND WE ALMOST HAD THE SHIP TOO!

THE WATER, RUSHING DOWN THE HATCHWAY, SLAP DIRK AND LIL TO THE FLOOR--

GLUB-BUB

WHEN THE BRITISH CAPTAIN BOARDS THE MINI-SUB--

HERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS, CAPTAIN, A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR--THE REST OF THEIR GANG IS BELOW!

CAPTAIN GALLANT, YOU'VE DONE THE UNITED NATIONS A GREAT SERVICE!

GALLANT PARTIALLY SUBMERGES THE MINI-SUB AS DIRK'S BULLETS SMASH ALL AROUND HIM!



GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN GALLANT! I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!

SEA AND DR. NORTON DECIDE TO SAIL BACK TO AMERICA ON THE FREIGHTER!

BON VOYAGE!

--LATER--

I THINK WE'LL SET OUR COURSE FOR HAWAII!

I ADVISE YE TO HEAD FOR THE OPEN SEA WHERE THERE AIN'T ANY FEMALES!

WHAT ABOUT MERMAIDS?

HOW DO YOU LIKE CAPTAIN GALLANT? WRITE US AND TELL US SO WE'LL KNOW THAT YOU WANT US TO CONTINUE TO PUT HIM IN

4 FAVORITES!



The 97 Pound Weakling

—Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only **HALF-ALIVE**.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension". It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peppy? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **HE-MAN**.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely **NATURAL** method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 255-ZB
125 East 23rd Street
New York, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

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☐ Check here for Booklet A if under 16



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."



Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's **FREE**. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally, **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 255-ZB, 115 East 23rd St., New York, N.Y.**